THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1389.

Original Poetry.

SONG OF TOIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY D. D. ANDERSON.

Toilers, ring, your chorus see Lockton,
Hear the anthem, see the token—
Here's a great heart at length has spoken,
Loose to the cross of goodness, here!—
Loose to the cross of goodness, here!
Mark! Man listens and shows daring,
Mark! from bondage spirit gaining—
Freedom's voice in Lockton calling
Hear it, toilers, hear!
Liberty is on the breezes,
Joins hearts to life are waking,
Noon the sunlight proudly breaks up,
Lovest troops are mustering, toilers, hear!
Look stand, the day is coming.

All around old things are dying,
Error and ruin are hurrying,
Hope for light the world is crying,
Hear it, toilers, hear!
Loud as winter's tempest
Is a voice across the sea,
From each nations sea and daughter,
With the thunder and the lightning,
Hear it, toilers, hear!
They are talking, Sons of Goodness,
On the mountains they are talking,
Thunder that now is never waiting,
Now a million a summon, hear!
Hear it, toilers, hear!
Greeting each mountain's peak,
Now are speaking to each other,
Are to brother speaks to brother,
Breaking chains that cannot smother,
Hear it, toilers, hear!
Tis a bell you cannot muffle,
Go cars, tremors, with your senses,
Hard as is the spirit chamber,
Freedom, sir! I shall not fail to send appeal to
Its native Dollar Ma.

ROSA, MY DEARIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WALTER WELDWOOD.

Long have I wondered a contentious stranger,
Long have I pondered what could ail my dearie;
Friends so far distant, of life I was weary—
Now a day I am happy, for Rosa, my dearie!

Rosa am I wound where the roseate thunders,
Rosa am I wound nature's brightest wonders,
As I said before and I say it now, my dearie!
Does your heart not with me then, Rosa, my dearie?

Long you've parted with neighbors and friends dear,
Now we have one again, parting is gladness—
Love is the only thing that can make us happy,
Fondly I vow thee now, Rosa, my dearie!

There are the mistress sigh not preceding,
Parting with friends, I'm not considered; angel and pure,
Thou art my treasure, Rosa, my dearie!

Original Tales.

THE TALISMANS.

(CONTINUED.)

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER III.

The Count de Rosenheim loved a very retired life; he passed for a meteor and disappointed man. The death of his wife, whom he had married very young, added to a political disgrace which had fallen upon his family, had rendered him withdraw entirely from the court and the world. He accused himself by reproaching himself with having sacrificed his existence, who was then in her eighteenth year. The reputation of the young Countess, her beauty, talents, wit and fortune, had already gained her many suitors; but the Count had not supposed to make an early choice of a son-in-law. He adored his daughter, and feared a separation from her more than death.

These views were already well known to Frederic, so that one may conceive the feelings with which he heard the Count declare his wish desire.

"Whom shall I announce, sir?" asked the servant, who met him in the ante-chamber.

"The Baron Frederic de Nerberg," replied the young man hurried, and passed into an inner room, the door of which he accidentally left open, on that Frederick could hear the following, which literally bear the result of his message:

"Ah! it is Frederic, my friend," replied the Count, in a sharp tone. "I do not know the gentleman; I have not seen him."

A young man, my lord, who appears very well!

"Father!—what does he want?"

"I do not know, my lord; he asked to see you and not myself—he must be mad."

"Confound him! but let him enter. Hold, first message that."

This reminder was very little encouragement to Frederic. He turned pale, and his heart beat; he trembled under him; but it was too late to recede. He endeavored to rally and to regain his courage; he raised his head, and holding the door open, made him a sign to enter. Frederic took courage, and passed into the Count's cabinet.

The Count was within, at the farther end—He was tall and thin, with a bald forehead and a slight stoop. His features were full of energy and of severity, that at once struck Frederic; and his piercing eye fixed upon the young man seemed to read his every thought. He slightly returned the bow, and bowed his shaved plenty enough that he was not insulted, and that he would have the first protest to shorten it. He made one step forward, and then suddenly stopped—and then he advanced respectfully, and in raising his head again and that cold and haughty look that double had shocked him, he felt himself rapidly, and he involuntarily placed his hand upon the breast as if to assure himself that it was still there.

The Count replied by a slight inclination of the head, and by a motion of the hand to him to speak. Frederic's embarrassment redoubled; but he felt it was necessary to him to speak; the Count evidently expected that of him.

"I ask your pardon, my lord Count," said he, in a voice that trembled in spite of himself, "I beg you to excuse the boldness of which I am guilty in thus upon your kindness, and I should sincerely regret my boldness, if I knew that I either injured my name or compromised myself."

Saying these words, Frederic raised his eyes toward the Count, and with a slight smile of pride that the severe and disconcerted look had gradually changed, and that he no longer found in him more than a more agreeable aspect.

"I shall be always pleased to see you, sir," said the Count, in a much more obliging tone; "but none of the lamplighters which his first caregiver has given me, and that dandified air does not please me—Frederic, I know its motive."

And his interest gradually increased in the young man. Frederic bowed his thanks, greatly encouraged to find a favorable answer in the first question.

"Where I have its motive," repeated the Count, with a smile of incredulity on the train of your silent thought, while he eyes, fixed upon the point of his cane, continued to play with the point. "But to truth!" he said, with sudden severity. "Those papers, sir, that you have recommended—Are you the son of Frederic de Nerberg?"

"I am!" thought the young man, "he seems to forget that my name was mentioned."

"Certainly, my lord Count, I am Frederic de Nerberg."

"Ah! good Heaven, what a resemblance!—Truly, my young friend, you are the exact image of your discussing mother."

"Those papers," resumed Frederic, almost leaping from his seat—"Oh, talisman!"

"I am indeed very glad to see you," continued the Count, kindly, and extending his hand—"but you, my I beg you, why you have not visited me before."

Whatever reliance Frederic might have upon his talisman, he certainly had not the slightest expectation of so warm a reception. He felt, in being convinced in this manner by the father of Constance, was so lovely, that he could only suspect the hand extended to him, and answered only a few words which his agitation rendered scarcely legible.

"I should certainly be displeased with you," added the Count, when he perceived his embarrassment, and could not help smiling, "and I should seriously consider your neglect of your friends, if I did not perceive that you now will already regret it."

"Most assuredly, my lord Count," replied Frederic, in a voice almost stifled by joy,—"I could have found no more favorable a reception—if I could have imagined the kindness you have shown me, I would not have delayed, even for a moment, to present myself to you, and assure you of my devotedness."

"But," interrupted the Count, smiling, "you were kept away by some other attraction, of which you, for all other young men, have doubtless many! and we forget the old friends of your family for those who are not. We will let no more about it; we will not take up the past—what are your views, Frederic? will studying at the University?"

This question put Frederic at his ease. The past was a delicate subject, to which he knew but how to reply; but the turn the conversation now took was more agreeable to him. He rose, long, and animated, and either the virtue of the talisman, or his natural eloquence, made him a moderate companion to the Count.

"Listen, my young friend," said the latter, a benign, young air succeeding a severe and thoughtful expression, "we will drop this subject for to-day. I do not, however, to forming you, quite the contrary—but at all events, when you do go, I hope you will be all-age strain."

"It is a proof of your kindness to me," said Frederic, "and I shall not fail to avail myself of it."

"Good! but in the meantime I must present you to the mistress of my house. It is but proper that Constance should know you, since you are to visit us often."

This unexpected proposition absolutely made Frederic tremble, but Count Rosenheim, who had noticed nothing of the kind, was already in the next room in his agitation, and when he made him a sign to enter, the young man followed him with a timid pace. Constance, seated near the window, was amusing herself with caressing a beautiful spaniel.

"Constance!" said the Count, approaching her, "I have come to present to you the son of one of my old friends, Frederic de Nerberg."

Frederic was surprised the Count turned to point to Frederic, who had remained a little behind. Constance raised her head and looked the Baron de Nerberg, whom she did not suspect to be known to her; but when they met those of Frederic, she remained confused and surprised. She recognized Frederic, who had passed between her and her father, but the confusion of the young man was evident, and while he was respectfully saluting the young lady, she had time to recover herself, and to receive him graciously.

"My lord Count," he said, "the carriage of the Baron de Grosmestnil is entering the court at this."

"Father," said the Count, evidently annoyed, "you have made a slight trembling in her voice; I see by that you have received that idea but very badly. Why—you are not a friend of our family—were you not here known that our doors would always be open to you—why have you not visited us before?"

"Why!—ah, good heaven, if I could only have done so!"

"If you could have done so! What has prevented it for more than a year, that—"

"Nothing, my lord Count," responded sincerity; the count speaking, and blushed deeply.

"Nothing, indeed! Frederic, you must have a very poor idea of the duties of a father, when you are leaving her away; she has passed a year in the country, and I am ignorant of her return that circumstance."

"Now!" said he, with a pride not in Constance, "are you about to for from me, my charming young friend?"

"I, sir!" replied Constance, in embarrassment; "I am about to for from you! I—I simply assure, sir, of inquiring his assistance."

"Ah! you are about to for from my lady's intention to show you, sir!" said Frederic, smiling. "But I am leaving her away; she has passed a year in the country, and I am ignorant of her return that circumstance."

"Indeed!" replied the Baron, with a contemptuous tone and a provoking glance, "it is you, then, whom I am to thank for the return of my daughter? Frederic, my lord Baron," Frederic laughingly replied.

Constance, frightened, pressed instantaneously towards him. This scene had not escaped Count de Rosenheim, and his coldness indeed, but with none of the lamplighters which his first caregiver has given me, and that dandified air does not please me—Frederic, I know its motive."

"Where I have its motive," repeated the Count, with a contemptuous tone and a provoking glance, "it is you, then, whom I am to thank for the return of my daughter? Frederic, my lord Baron," Frederic laughingly replied.

Constance, frightened, pressed instantaneously towards him. This scene had not escaped Count de Rosenheim, and his coldness indeed, but with none of the lamplighters which his first caregiver has given me, and that dandified air does not please me—Frederic, I know its motive."

"Frederic," said he, laughing and advancing, "I did not know your taste for horticulture. Count, I will show you my lodges."

He took the hand of the young man, and leaded at his daughter, who resumed her seat, and looked at them with very embarrassed. Frederic, in the revolutionary movement, as if to place himself right between her and Constance, but the Count drew him with a gentle violence. Frederic bowed respectfully, and the Count, with a smile of confidence, pointed to the seat at his daughter, who resumed her seat, and looked at them with very embarrassed. Frederic, in the revolutionary movement, as if to place himself right between her and Constance, but the Count drew him with a gentle violence. Frederic bowed respectfully, and the Count, with a smile of confidence, pointed to the seat at his daughter, who resumed her seat, and looked at them with very embarrassed.

"Tell me most again, my young friend," said he to him, "but do not be much of a stranger to your friends, and to your friends."

"Frederic, confounded, pressed the Count's hand, and murmuring his thanks, withdrew.

When he gained the street, it seemed to him that every thing was changed; that the houses were more handsome around him. He pressed his hand to his forehead, as if to convince himself he still retained his senses; that he was awake! that he was the dupe of some fantastic dream. At, he was the friend of Count de Rosenheim, who had spoken to him of his family, who had introduced him to his daughter, who had invited him to his table! Coincidence, too, had called him Frederic—had taken his name! Ah, it was an event replete with happiness and amazement! He began to run, as if in dancing by rapidity the errors of an that almost overwhelmed him. He did not re-enter the "Golden Lion" until evening.

Scarcely had he passed the threshold, when a voice stopped him.

"My lord Baron," said he, "here is a packet which was left for you."

"I thank you," replied Frederic.

It was a small casket and a letter. The letter contained these words:

"I am pleased with you, Frederic; you have fulfilled my intentions, and I think I have also no reason to complain. But the experience of the first not sufficient: we must also look to the future. The future, my young friend, depends upon yourself.

"The place of Counsellor Inspector of the Embassy is vacant; it is at my disposal, and I offer it to you. Address yourself personally to the Minister, to whom you will be presented by me.

"The future," thought Frederic, after he had read it a long while hope the motto of the impression received from the letter.

"If you have the ring, you are to yourself lost. Let us leave your finger. Only show it to Constance. You will understand me. Let him but you see her alone—after your elder resources—and do not leave his office without the appointment will reach mother. After quitting the Minister, go directly to the palace, and ask for Prince's private secretary, show him your appointment, and tell him that you wish to present yourself at the reception of Saturday night; and request him to have the goodness to announce you to his Highness.

"All this must be done to-morrow, after that you will see me late. I am pleased with you; you will again hear from me.

HENRI FONCTA RECTU."

CHAPTER IV.

"Where shall I announce to his excellency?" said the servant, who opened the door of the carriage.

"The Baron Frederic de Nerberg."

The secretary entered at once; name, and of the Minister's cabinet.

"His excellency is engaged; he cannot receive you at present," said he, "your business will have to me the object of your visit, I will do myself the to inform you when he can receive you."

"Pardon me," interrupted Frederic, in a firm voice, "I have a letter for his excellency, and I am to deliver it to him myself."

"Sir, I assure you that it is impossible; my request is absolute."

"Then I must wait," said he, "at the entrance of the Minister's cabinet, and I will not leave it."

"Sir, I am ordered—"

"Sir, I am ordered to wait," said Frederic, in a tone which left no room for reply.

The secretary, surprised by his resolute manner, he found in a ring which bore the motto of the impression received from the talisman.

"If you lose the ring, you lose yourself too. Let us not

GENERAL GAINES.

The following Valentine was read at a Tableau party in New York, to which we have indeed in another place. General Gaines was one of the guests:

TO GEN. GAINES.
Though Time has of course on your head left its record,
And left some traces on Sir garlan-then,
Upon thy soul no hair-line he died,
Nor wrinkle on thy heart.

And he is right, the gray of manly feeling
Touches but softer not old dismissed and cold.
Who still life's morning freshness is retaining,
Retains Time's sacred wreath, can ne'er grow old

The fabled fountain of immortal youth,
That Ponce de Leon sought with such success,
Is far off Southern Isles, there's found in truth,
In living realms good within thy breast.

Miscellaneous.

TRICKS OF FORTUNE-TELLERS.

A poor or two since, a lady residing in Rochester, had a sad and beloved daughter who had strayed from her door during an exhibition that took place in the neighborhood, and which was attended by crowds of persons from that city. As night naturally be supposed, the distressed mother sought for her child; and the Press willingly lent their powerful aid to assist her: but still no tidings of the wanderer could be obtained. In her anguish she applied to the fortune-teller for information; and in consequence of what they told her, she translated the distant cities in search of her child—and it is almost needless to say she spent her strength for naught. Then was her mind kept in a continual state of suspense, hovering between hope and fear, for many long and weary months, by these creatures, they craving and for the agony that rent a mother's heart, so long as they could fish from her a little filthy lucre. At length she visited a fortune-teller on the western side of the city, who, more merciful than the others, graciously told her that her child had been taken by a wealthy foreign lady, who resided in it order to enable her to inherit some property, and, when her object was accomplished the child would be returned to her. And thus, at once, was her mind has been set at rest, reliance, perchance, she has since visited another of like character, who has sent her no more encouraging news.

We are now about to relate another circumstance that occurred a few years since, more fatal in its character than any thing of the kind that has been told before, to the public. It appears that a German gentleman and his wife, residing on the eastern side of the city, had a lovely boy, an only child, sixteen years of age, and the anxiety of their minds were put in requisition with a view to his recovery;—no sensation were they, that he was only necessary to make them tearful for miles at a time, in hopes of keeping clothes at their last treasure. In this way much money was spent, and several months passed away, without their hearing a word of their son, and they were accountable for that.

About this time there resided in this city a French Canadian woman, who pretended to possess a knowledge of future events, and from the celebrity which she obtained by private means, many persons were induced to visit her. She was constantly in the habit of inquiring of persons who called upon her, the exact location of their dwelling; and at the end of eighteen months from the time the child was lost, she succeeded in getting hold of a woman who resided next door to the lady referred to. This woman came to consult in regard to sickness of her spouse that had been under her care; but twenty-seven hours had elapsed before the woman could be induced to part with the child, which was then in the custody of the fortune-teller. The woman was then conducted into the house, and was told that her speedy recovery depended in a degree on the child's being kept in the chamber for three days, and that she would be well. The woman went through a variety of manœuvres, and at last told her that her spouse was deposited in a chamber, and that she would be restored to health at once proceeded at once to have every citizen in the neighborhood searched, but without success. She then called on the next again, who promised to exercise further into the matter, and after several days, positively declared that they were in the custody of a man who resided in the same house with the lady's house. The citizen in the part of the house next door to her residence was then thoroughly searched, but failed to find the child. The identical persons, last up exactly as the next had said.

Now her fame spread through that neighborhood with great rapidity, and the German lady was urged and entreated not to delay a moment in consulting the seer, as the night thereby had her son. She, however, being a stranger, was thought it proper at first to consult her monitor on the propriety of doing so, but despite her perfect confidence in the fortune, and she determined to keep away from her. The magician, however, again urged her to visit her, and at last prevailed upon her to discard her spiritual advisers, and to pay a visit to the fortune-teller. Accordingly, the lady drove to her object, when the seer told her she would see what she could do for her, and at once conveyed her to another room, and after closing them, she then looked in a bottle—which she wished about the room, and finally stationed herself with the German woman before the looking-glass. At first it appeared to be very misty, but gradually it brightened up, when the fortune thought she could discern a child, and as the mist entirely cleared away, she could see, as if at a distance, the face of her beautiful boy, with his ringlets clustering in his neck. The mother fainted, but, mist re-appeared, and all was as before. The woman next became almost frantic with joy, the house and related to her all that had taken place. Her losing somewhat superstitious, unwillingly proceeded to pay her visit; when the same scene was enacted, which now convinced him that her son could tell him of the whereabouts of his son; and in this end, a negotiation was entered into forthwith, when it was agreed that the persons should pay to the seer $500 down, and $1,000 more for $500 more, to be paid on the restoration of the child.

This being arranged, the seer proceeded to go through with some magical operations, and then directed the parents to proceed on to Troy, from where they would hear something in relation to the child, which would probably enable them to trace out his place of abode. Arriving at Troy they went and by a certain hotel, and were met by a gentleman to the persons described to them. The statement before them was that the child had died, and was held that such a child had been seen by them, and they had the a parts of the dress he wore, which the parents recognized as belonging to their son. In consequence of the information they received, they were actually duped into the country, but losing all trace of the child, they were obliged to return to the city of New York, with unfortune-teller. The magical process was again entered into, and they were directed to return to Troy, and take a certain road leading from that town, and they would certainly find the child. The direction was complied with, and after the performance of some thirty or forty miles from Troy, their spirits were suddenly delighted with a sight of their long lost boy, standing by the side of the road, and passing thick-headed persons as far as them, or where he had been since he left his home, he could give no intelligible account; all he knew was that he had been fed by the road by a man with a white horse.

Thus the last station proceeded, when the perfect confession got noised of what was going on, and the gentlemen was forbidden to pay the tools, and am going to the house of the fortune-teller, and the seer ascertained that she had left in haste, leaving behind of their approach. They then proceeded to examine the mystical glass, which was found to be of a thin common paper, covered with a thin wash of white wax, which being heated with steam, exposed to it through a concealed pipe, became transparent, so that a person could see through it. Behind this was placed a tolerably well executed portrait of the lost boy, and by letting in a cold stream of air from a refrigerator on the other side of the room, the steam was stopped, and the portrait was hidden from the sight. Subsequent investigation brought to light the facts in regard to the agent, and also the fact that the child had been stolen by the seer—placed at a boarding school in Troy—privately removed to Ireland by other means, and by her left on the road just in time to meet its parents on the return.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1841.

NOTICE.

The firm of Sanderson & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Saturday Evening Post will be continued by the undersigned partners, under the firm of Peterson & Co., who will settle the affairs of the late firm of S. D. Patterson & Co.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON,
HENRIED DEARDEN,
HENRY PETERSON.

Philadelphia, March 27, 1841.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We trust that the large number of our subscribers who are in account to the old firm of S. D. Patterson & Co., will see the propriety of making to the various amounts due, as soon as possible, in order that we may not be compelled to resort to more severe measures to enforce and hasten the payment. We have no desire to be hard upon any one, but are determined that payment shall be made, and that the whole of this period, to begin him from dallying himself in peace. A few cases like this will be sufficient to make us more particular in our selection of both and clients, and other things about. The great number of our subscribers, we are satisfied to abandon as fair both in the new discovery; and we trust that all of persons will not force us to the necessity of resorting to the disagreeable alternative of stopping their papers. We have no other object in view than the collection of what is justly due us, and we hope that every one will see the propriety of making the payment without delay.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs during the present month. Post, as if they are inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus in some other quarter. Any postmaster to whom who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, for the reason that we will take the trouble to complete it with the other monthly papers, so that the full 52 numbers will be furnished all subscription. Let it be remembered, that the Saturday Post is a first class paper, as to the manner and general of the small expense.

THE TALISMANS.

The interest of this story increases as the week. Some of our subscribers should fail to read it. It for carpenters, in our judgment, any Prize tale that has been published for many a day. We trust that there will be a great rush for the numbers containing it, we shall print a larger edition than usual—sufficient, we trust, to supply the increased demand. Let every one, then that first one came shall be first served.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

Cotton has advanced, but breadstuffs have remained stationary. Lord Ashley has left the Ministry on account of the Corn Laws, and had for the farmers of the Middle States and the West. Great news also for the laboring classes in Great Britain and in the cities of the United States. So much for the corn-law excitement—now for the Tariff.

As for the political, we chronicle with pleasure the triumphant return of Sir Robert Peel to power, formed by the cries of shouts from all Europe, into the hands of the people. The pledge made by the Duke d'Aumale to Abd-el-Kader shall be faithfully observed. M. Guizot now says that if the Duke performs his promise, he must be Abd-el-Kader, shall be unexpected thither:—provided the Viceroy of Egypt will consent to accept such a respectable honorable France." Doubtless every agency will be put in operation to effect this object, and we trust it may be persuaded to retrieve the unfortunate chieftain a refuge in his dominions. The people of Paris have now their fete for the present.

To the surprise of all who have accustomed themselves to look upon the Emperor as the most visionary struggles of the Italians, the people of the Two Sicilies have at length wrung from the reluctant hand of their king, a royal acknowledgment of a National Constitution. The Constitution is to be based on the principles of the New York Constitution of 1838—including two chambers, the royal prerogative, the responsibility of ministers, the liberty of the press, and a national guard. Religious toleration, and, as to ecclesiastical property, is not mentioned. Such cases should be settled by an amicable arrangement between the Pope and the Neapolitan government. The Pope is, we believe, universally popular.

The Spanish question, in connection, to know that England, through Lord Palmerston, has signified to Austria, that any further armed interference with the affairs of Spain will be considered by England as a casus belli. Austria, we believe, has given the same notice of war—for, after such a declaration, it is not to be supposed that Austria would attempt to settle either any similar interposition in the south of Europe, or in Italy, as it is, indeed, the cause of Freedom in Europe. France would stand by her side, or possibly go even beyond her, but she is not prepared with a war—and consequently with the solute power.

Some valuable bouquets in France have been declared illegal. Upon this declaration being made in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Odilon Barrot exclaimed: "You are worse than Polignac and Peyronnet." The excitement was intense—and the Ministry were compelled to recommend the discussion at an end," and upon the motion being carried in the affirmative. It is stated that the liberal Deputies had resolved to attend at the Chamber on the morning of discussion, and that, after being refused admittance into the banqueting hall, by the police, they intended to resign. This would have caused a decision that the Government of the scene in the Chamber of Deputies is said to have resembled in the midst of the people, by the civic conflicts in the Convention which marshalled the people into sections.

On the whole, therefore, the news by the Britannia is decidedly cheering. A second link in the chain of peace is broken, and it is to be hoped that the Papal Union the credit of the Age. Next perhaps will continue through to the end. Let us be thankful for the blessings of peace, and be determined to keep away from her. The magician, however, again urged her to visit her, and at last prevailed upon her to discard her spiritual advisers, and to pay a visit to the fortune-teller. Accordingly, the lady drove to her object, when the seer told her she would see what she could do for her, and at once conveyed her to another room, and after closing them, she then looked in a bottle—which she wished about the room, and finally stationed herself with the German woman before the looking-glass. At first it appeared to be very misty, but gradually it brightened up, when the fortune thought she could discern a child, and as the mist entirely cleared away, she could see, as if at a distance, the face of her beautiful boy, with his ringlets clustering in his neck. The mother fainted, but mist re-appeared, and all was as before. The woman next became almost frantic with joy, the house and related to her all that had taken place. Her losing somewhat superstitious, unwillingly proceeded to pay her visit; when the same scene was enacted, which now convinced him that her son could tell him of the whereabouts of his son; and in this end, a negotiation was entered into forthwith, when it was agreed that the persons should pay to the seer $500 down, and $1,000 more for $500 more, to be paid on the restoration of the child.

THE COUNTRY PRESS.

The *Daily News* has a very good article upon the country papers, and the complaints often made against them. The News makes a suggestion in our country journals, which we think will be found of great interest to countries a little, that is, to make their papers more local. Let them contain more of the events passing in their own immediate neighborhood. There was nothing that tended more to give the Ledger of the city the pre-eminent large circulation than the fullness and accuracy of its *local news*. Every country paper has its correspondents, and a full and accurate report of all that now occurs in the county of the particular locality in which it is published, would not only probably more increased its circulation, but do a great good besides. The country of this paper is conducted by the Editor, who local reports in the city papers prevent, is conducted by a gentleman who devotes his attention to it, and is not interrupted by the hostility of an editor. Hardly but we hope surely, the day will be of less importance in advertising in this and Europe at large. It were useful to forego all of its influence.

THE COUNTRY PRESS.

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A RAGE CRITIC.

We see an extract from a poetic review at Lowell's poems, in one of our exchanges. The writer remarks:

"There is no reason why Mr. Lowell should write with the subject before him, as he does. He is neither of a meager and seeker. If he would avoid the faults of his style, he must study the better author. All of the best and private genius; every poet of any reputation has studied the best models. It serves to expose; but it is not generally thought of by the popularity of many books, and the fault of them, and write rhyme about them. The great poets of the world *all* study the best models, *were able to bear the load of reports with the strength* and *dignity of a giant*; they did not *fritter away their time in the backgrounder.*

That any one who is so utterly ignorant of poets and poetry as not to know that a large portion of the poetical power of the world is the result of private genius and pure, should have had liberty given him by the proprietors of any respectable paper to write such a review as this, is certainly a thing to be wondered at even in this very remarkable age.

LIFE AND DEATH.

A Miss Bailey, of Montrose, was to have been married on the 4th inst. to a Mr. Lyon, but on the previous week, to complete her bridal purchases. At half past three on Sunday afternoon, as she sat in the parlor, she threw up her head and exclaimed, "Why, there is Mr. Drew!" (the name of the gentleman to whom she was to be married, and who is a resident of Concord, Vermont,) and fell back in her chair, and expired. Mr. Drew, it is stated, arrived, and the was placed upon the bed, but with two gone she let a corpse. When the bridegroom arrived, he found his bride to be united to the altar, but to lay her fair young head in the grave. God be with him at the first hour of deep agony!

REAL CHRISTIANS.

An attempt has been made in a certain denomination in England, to get up a petition against the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament, on the ground of his being a *Jew*. The petition began "We, the undersigned, being not merely christians, but *real* christians, &c."

By the way, we have thought more highly of the Jews since we have seen that they are not to be believe. Every farmer, that hast business fog in the wholesale and retail book store at a fair, and member of which is a Jew. The same is always the case all the business men of the town. It is proper partner having made this a condition of his business connection with a Christian.

THE BLOOD.

A Committee of the Penn Academy of Science, consisting of Messrs. Rogers and Jackson, have made a report in which it is stated that lead and copper, hitherto, are found in many organization and. That, if it be true, is a fact of vast importance, as these two metals have always been considered poisonous, and if found in the blood of a dead man, would doubtless necessitate have

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by James K. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, James Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Morton.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of
REDDING & Co., No. 1, State Street, Boston.
Of ROBINSON & JONES, No. 109 Main Street, Cincinnati.
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Of GEO. W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky.
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Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

Poetical Varieties.

VALENTINES.

There is an annual meeting of the New York literary celebrities on the evening of Valentine's Day, when numerous Valentines are handed in to be read. The following are a selection from a number handed in on the last occasion of the kind. We find them in the Home Journal.

TO ——

Thou hast leaned above the fountain
Of some olden poet's lay,
Till thy spirit bore the murmur
Of its melodies away;
And upon that crystal current
Glide thy poet's thoughts along,
Needing but the touch of sorrow
To wake them into song.

TO MISS LYNCH

I saw thee once—but for a moment's space,
And yet, in that brief time, methinks that I
Did read in the still meaning of thy face,
Thy veiled heart's most secret history.

[...]

TO MRS. OSGOOD.

On some lone star the violet
Looks through the weary night,
Nor heeds within its trembling dews
That fair reflected light.

So doth thy wild impassioned heart
For some far glory yearn,
While in its own unconscious breast
As fair a light doth burn.

Original Essay.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

NO. II.

In my first number I promised that I would to some extent, show the injustice, cruelty, barbarity and absurdity of our law, as we have derived it from England, in relation to women. For the sake of perspicuity, I propose to consider the law as it governs them in their several capacities of members of the commonwealth, as wives and as mothers.

Section 1. Of Women as Members of the Commonwealth.

Women are required by law to perform *all the onerous duties* to which men are subject, except such as are generally considered honorable, and the performance of which men generally seek with avidity, as for example, those of being magistrates, legislators, warriors and the like. They are required to pay taxes, and to bear such burdens as are imposed by society on its members for the good of the whole. Justice dictates, and common sense requires that those who bear the burdens of government should have a voice in its administration; and once certain colonies revolted against the mother country because an insignificant tax was laid on tea without their consent. The British Parliament then treated the colonies, as the male citizens now treat the female part of society. I do not pretend to point out how this injustice of taxing those who are not represented is to be corrected, I merely show the injustice of its existence, and if this were the only evil complained of in our law, perhaps our fair citizens would be willing to trust this right in the hands of their brethren. Our forefathers, however, were unwilling to delegate such right to their English brethren, and the contest about this right established our country's independence, and its present form of government.

I do not mean to admit that women are incapable of legislation; on the contrary I assert that, properly educated, they would be as capable to make laws, and to exercise beneficially authority in the state as men. There is within our borders a body of women legislators, (if I may use the term,) who have occasionally displayed as much judgment and good sense as men could have done. Among the Friends, commonly called Quakers, there exists a legislative house composed entirely of women, who frequently, with singular wisdom, make rules and regulations for the government of themselves, such as would do honor to houses composed of those who assume a superiority over them.

It is true women may, in general, while unmarried, make contracts and enforce them as men do, and to redress injuries committed against them, they have the same remedies; but still their judges are men, selected, not by themselves, but by other men, and their cases must be represented to the judges and jury by men. They are responsible for crimes like men, for when a liability or responsibility, a burden or inconvenience is to be sustained or borne, they are upon a perfect equality with the rougher sex, the exceptions which the law makes are not to relieve them from duties, but to deprive them of advantages and natural rights. When their acts shall be denominated crimes, is ascertained by men who make the laws; when they are tried for these crimes, they are judged by men.—Their punishments are inflicted upon them by men.

They are deprived of all the honors which office can procure; they derive none of the emoluments, which are paid out of the common stock, and to which they contribute, to those employed in serving the public.

Unjust as all this may be, yet it might be borne without much complaint, because the form of the government is so established, and we are so accustomed to the operations of this system, that the inconveniences are but slightly felt. It is when we consider woman in her private relations that the injustice, cruelty and barbarity of the law are more manifest. These will be considered in future numbers.

BUBULCUS.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 30th ult., a message was received from the President of the United States, in reply to the resolution submitted by Mr. Allen, calling for information relative to any agency or authority by which the active operations of the United States army in Mexico had been suspended by an armistice. [...]

A BEAUTIFUL HYMN.

The following beautiful hymn was written by the late Ex-President Adams:

How swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by—
The burden of a song.

See childhood, youth and manhood pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was—time shall be—but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?

Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, all the range
Of time's unceasing round.

Where, then, is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and tears,
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.

To God let grateful accents rise,
With truth, with virtue, live;
So all the bliss that time denies,
Eternity shall give.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mrs. Partington?" was asked of the old lady, somewhat timidly. "To be sure I do," replied she, "as much as I believe that bright luminary there will rise in the yeast to-morrow morning, if we live and nothing happens. Two apprehensions have sartinly appeared in our family. Why, I saw my dear Paul, a fortnight before he died, with my own eyes, just as plain as I see you now, and though it turned out afterwards to be a rosebush with a night cap on it, I shall always think, to the day of my desolation, that it was a forerunner sent to me. 'Tother one came in the night when we were asleep, and carried away three candles and a pint of spirits that we kept in the house for an embarkation. Believe in ghosts, indeed! I guess I do, and he must be a dreadful styptic as doesn't."

Items of News.

NEW USE OF CHLOROFORM.—It is suggested that all railroad and steamboat travellers should be constantly provided with a bottle of this new agent for destroying pain, and clap it to their mouths on the first appearance of danger; its action is represented as being so speedy, that a blown up individual can inhale it as he rises, and before he commences his descent, feel confident that he is in [...]

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The Virginia Democratic Convention has adopted an electoral ticket for the Presidency. Among the names is that of Henry A. Wise.

The Bills to punish Seduction and Adultery were respectively rejected in the New York House of Assembly—the former by only one vote—37 members being absent.

According to the published proceedings of the State Convention of Whigs held at Frankfort, Ky., there was no preference expressed as to the Whig candidate for the Presidency.

Cassius M. Clay, was present at the Taylor Convention in Frankfort, and made a speech in favor of the General's nomination. He declared, however, he would support Henry Clay, if nominated.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

The last letter from General Taylor is one dated Feb. 12, and addressed to Col. Mitchell, of Cincinnati. The following are the important passages:

In reply to the closing remarks of your letter, I have no hesitation in saying, as I have stated on former occasions, that I am a Whig, though not an ultra one; and that *I have no desire to conceal that fact from any portion of the people of the United States.* I deem it but candid, however, to add, that if the Whig party desire, at the next Presidential election, to cast their votes for me, they must do it on their own responsibility, and without any pledges from me.

Should I be elected to that office, I should deem it to be my duty, and should most certainly claim the right to look to the constitution and the high interests of our common country, and not to the principles of a party, for my rules of action.

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION.

The Democratic Convention of this State, nominated James Buchanan as its favorite candidate for the Presidency. The vote stood for Buchanan 84; for Dallas 34; for Cass 10; for Van Buren 5. Israel Painter, Jr., of Westmoreland, was nominated on the third ballot, as the candidate for Canal Commissioner, and Wilson McCandless and John W. Forney appointed Senatorial delegates to the Baltimore Convention.

On the last day the Hon. David Wilmot made a speech vindicating the position taken by him in regard to slave territory.

The Convention instructed the Delegates to the Baltimore Convention to vote against the two-thirds rule. The vote on this question stood 78 to 32.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

According to an act of Congress, providing for the holding of Presidential elections on the same day in every State, the election this year will fall on Tuesday, the 7th of November.

In 1844, the popular vote for President was as follows:

Polk, 1,317,325; Clay, 1,288,533; Birney, 62,263.

Polk's majority over Clay, 38,792; Clay and Birney over Polk, 23,471.

CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTHACHE DROPS.
THE GREAT CURE.

No pain is comparable to that of the Toothache. All the body may be in health, but the most trivial thing, comparatively speaking, excites in a little while the [...]

Bank Note List.

Married,

Died,

NEW PROSPECTUS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, assured from the experience of the last two years that it is the "manifest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the old size of the paper.

CHARACTER OF THE PAPER.

The general character of the old paper—such as it has been under the supervision of the present Editor—shall be maintained.

It shall be neutral in Politics and Religion, at the same time that it shall not fear to speak above its breath.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Agricultural matter, *of which the Post has always given heretofore double the quantity of any other paper*, shall be composed of the best articles that can be found in the numerous periodicals devoted to the subject. Making in this way our Agricultural Department superior to what it could be made by the services of *any* single writer.

NEWS.

The News, both foreign and domestic, shall be full, and as far as possible, accurate—and be laid before the reader at the earliest possible moment.

MONEY MATTERS.

The Bank Note List is corrected weekly. A full and accurate account of the Markets, the Sales of Stock, &c., are also weekly given.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, in moderation, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA.* We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we have concluded *to reduce our terms to clubs*, as follows:

4 COPIES,	. . . .	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

SIX COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and FOUR of the Ladies' Garland for TEN DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 250 pages of original letter press, and 6 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The premium offer made in the last Prospectus of the old firm, will be adhered to and continued. The offer is as follows:

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address

DEACON & PETERSON, 66 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new firm and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.

Selected Poetry.

THE WIDOWER'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I wedded where I fondly loved,
My friends with eager voice
Bestowed their sanction, and approved
The husband of my choice;
They told me that his former bride
Unmingled bliss had known,
And from her fortunes prophesied
The brightness of my own.

He, too, had friends—his deep distress
They pitied and deplored,
And said that woman's smile should bless
Once more his hearth and board;
That he should seek the busy throng,
And mark the young and fair,
And let his children know ere long,
Another mother's care.

Oh, sad exchange! the heart I brought
Was full of joy and youth,
Warm, open, in its slightest thought,
And single in its truth;
While his by sorrow worn and tried,
One vision only nursed,
The image of another bride,
The dearest and the first.

The lawns and bowers around the hall,
Her taste arranged and planned,
That flowery world he loves to call
A little fairy-land;
And then I sigh for some lone cot,
Where clustering boughs might twine,
Whose foliage should acknowledge not
A training hand but mine.

The old domestics mutely chide,
I meet their mournful look,
If I displace or cast aside
A picture, vase, or book;
Though mistress of this noble fane,
They gaze on me in dread,
As one who lightly dares profane
The relics of the dead.

Her kindred gather round our hearth,
And oft come guests accost
With records of the grace and worth
Of her, the loved, the lost,
Then start, and pause, and glance around,
If I perchance draw near,
As though they kindly feared to wound
My listening, jealous ear.

Her children—I could love them well,
Might I their trust secure,
But my caresses they repel,
Or passively endure;
And if I venture to reprove,
They trembling shun my gaze.

[illegible]

The Holy Land.

FROM THE [LONDON] PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

NAZARETH AND MOUNT CARMEL.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

[illegible]

We rode at the foot of Carmel, keeping the river Kishon for the most part on the right hand. There could not be a finer place of assemblage than this plain for the children of Israel and the worshippers of the Sun (Baal) when Elijah summoned them to meet. From the foot of Mount Carmel, which stands out boldly into the sea, the beach stretches uninterrupted in a fine sweep of fifteen miles to Acre, and the old Tyre. The plain of Esdraelon, thus inclosed between the Gilboa hills, Carmel, and the sea, held the assembled multitude on that great day. The worship of the Sun was very imposing in all the countries where it subsisted. We have all heard of it as the worship of Apollo in Greece. I saw mighty temples to the same god, under the name of Ra, in Egypt and Nubia; and under the name of Baal at Baalbec,—a few days journey from this place at the foot of Carmel, where his host of priests was defied by Elijah. (1 Kings, xviii.) Here stood his four hundred and fifty prophets, in all their pomp.

Next we ascended the mountain itself, and we spent two nights in the convent on its heights; so that the whole scene is well impressed on my memory. We went down the mountain side that afternoon to see the caves where the schools of the prophets used to be; where the young men were gathered together to learn what was known of religion, and to prepare themselves for its administration. Whether the principal cave was really thus occupied or not, some use was certainly made of it in ancient times. We found it a large square grotto; a spacious apartment in the mountain side,—cool, shadowy, and solemn. All about its entrance, and over all that side of the mountain, from the beach below to the convent on the height, was a perfect jungle of hollyocks, flax, odoriferous shrubs, herbs of many savors, and wild flowers as gay as the rainbow. Dry and drooping was all this vegetation when Elijah came hither at the end of the long drought and cast himself down upon the earth while his servant watched on the ridge above. But oh! what an expanse of sky and of blue sea was there for the man's eye to range over while looking for a token of approaching rain! To-day there was not in all the sky a cloud as big as a man's hand; but instead of a cloud, there was, at evening, the everlasting sign of the silver bow. When the sun had sunk beneath the waters, and left a golden glow on both sea and sky, the young moon hung in the west yet a little while before the mild Spring night veiled from my watching eyes "the excellency of Carmel."

Past and Present.

LOST ARTS.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

A HOOSIER STORY.

[illegible]

AGRICULTURAL.

AYRSHIRE AND DURHAM COWS.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

A BEAUTIFUL AND TOUCHING LETTER.

[illegible]

THE DEAD CHILD.

[illegible]

THEATRICALS.

[illegible]

SMALL APOLOGIES.

[illegible]

TO MY WIFE.

BY ROBERT T. CONRAD.

[illegible]

TO ——

BY N. P. WILLIS.

[illegible]

THE SNOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

[illegible]

Science and Art.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC ORE SEPARATOR.

[illegible]

MACHINE FOR MAKING WROUGHT NAILS.

[illegible]

SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

[illegible]

For the Young.

THE DIAMONDS OF THE EPHOD.

[illegible]

THE PEACH.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

IRON IN SOILS.

[illegible]

LARGE ANIMALS.

[illegible]

AMERICAN PRODUCE.

[illegible]

SWAPPING HORSES.

[illegible]

The Olio.

THE FEET.

[illegible]

NAPOLEON.

I do not praise this man; the man was flawed
For Adam—much more Christ!—his knee, unbent—
His hand, unclean—his aspiration, pent
Within a sword-sweep—pshaw!—but since he had
The genius to be loved, why let him have
The justice to be honored in his grave.

E. B. BARRETT.

THE HUMAN HAND.—Several years ago, in conversing with a very ingenious and well-informed friend now deceased, I was much struck by a transient observation of his. "In spite," said he, "of man's boasted intellect, he is as much indebted for his present state in civilized life to the hand as to the head." "Suppose," proceeded he, "that the human arm had terminated in a hoof or a claw instead of a hand, what would have been the present state of society, and how far would mere intellect have carried us?"

OLD HERRICK, who seems to have had the finest perception of the delicate and charming, thus compliments Miss Susannah Southwood:—

"Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then
As if they started at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again."

HYALOGRAPHY.—The art of engraving on glass, has, of late years greatly advanced in Europe, and it is asserted that the process has now become as easy and complete as engraving on steel and copper. Truly glass is a useful article. Who, twenty years since, would have dared even to dream of such things as glass watch springs, glass cloth, glass thread, &c., &c.?—*Maine Farmer.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of nine letters.
My 6, 2, 8, 9, is something used in putting a razor in order.
My 2, 9, 8, is a near relative.
My 5, 7, 8, is an article much used by ladies.
My 1, 2, 7, 8, signifies to write.
My 8, 2, 3, 5, is a part of the human face.
My 2, 6, 7, 8, is a part of the leg.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a scriptural character, who experienced singular changes of fortune.
My whole was an empress.

CHARADE.

My first is rather soft and round,
Though small in size and grade;

[illegible]

RIDDLES.

[illegible]

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

[illegible]

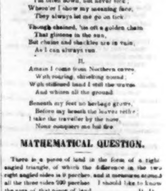
CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—[illegible]
CHARADE—[illegible]
RIDDLES—[illegible]
MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—[illegible]

Advertisements.



CONSUMPTION

Dr. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF
WILD CHERRY.

[illegible]

J. D. WHETHAM,

[illegible]

DEVOTED T

VOLUME X

Original Po

TIS HARD TO

[illegible]

THE STOLEN FLOW

[illegible]

Original Tal

THE TALISMA

(CONTINUED.)

[illegible]